

MILLIONS FOR STOCKS RUSHED TO WALL STREET

Harriman Boom Starts Craze for Speculation and Brokers Swamped.

TIDAL WAVE OF ORDERS.

Furious Trading; with Union and Southern Pacific Leading List to Record Level.

Never in the history of Wall Street has there been two hours of such vehement speculation as that which marked the session lasting from 10 o'clock to noon today. In 120 minutes 1,631,290 shares of stock were sold, millions of dollars in profits were cleared and brokers garnered enough in commissions to pay running expenses for the rest of the summer.

Buying orders from all over the United States reached Wall Street in such a flood that not half of them could be executed and a renewal of the boom is looked for when the market opens Monday.

Union Pacific, which closed yesterday at 11 1/4, closed today at 11 3/4, an advance of 5 1/4 points on the day, and of 21 1/4 points since yesterday's opening. Southern Pacific closed at 10 3/4, a net advance for the day of 1 1/4 points.

Craze for Stocks.

A craze for stocks that has infected the whole country has been generated by the action of E. H. Harriman and his fellow manipulators in placing Union Pacific common on a 10 per cent. basis and establishing a 5 per cent. dividend on Southern Pacific. There is an impression that before the advance in Union Pacific will go to 20 and Southern Pacific to 15. The dear price is beating for slices of the meal, while the men on the inside are piling up profits faster than they can count.

In sympathy with Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, in which the bulk of the trading was done, there was a general advance in the rest of the market. The market closed strong all along the line. A nerve rally in the last fifteen minutes ran prices up to the top record established earlier in the day.

Heaps of Orders Wait.

Long after the market closed belated orders from customers clamoring for Union Pacific and Southern Pacific stocks were received at brokers' offices. These orders are awaiting execution at the opening of the market Monday morning. The prophets who predict a continuance of the boom appear to stand on a firm ground.

Mr. Harriman, William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, the Vanderbilts and other millionaires have accumulated enormous gains as a result of the rise in stocks. In fact every man with money to speculate with has jumped in and won.

There have been loud and bitter complaints against Mr. Harriman and his associates for their action in holding back the announcement of a declaration of a Southern Pacific dividend and an increase in Union Pacific dividends Thursday afternoon.

So widespread was this comment today that the following note of explanation was issued from the office of the Union Pacific at No. 120 Broadway:

"The Boards of Directors of the Union Pacific and of the Southern Pacific met on Wednesday and authorized action upon the dividend by the executive committees. The committees, however, did not meet until Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and formal notice of the declaration was delivered to the secretary of the Stock Exchange before 10 o'clock A. M. Friday."

Stock Exchange Version.

George W. Ely, Secretary of the New York Stock Exchange, when asked about the delay, said:

"I received these dividend notices about ten minutes before the opening of the market on Friday. Owing to the extraordinary nature of the dividend declaration I did not read them out of the Exchange until I verified them from the secretary of the companies concerned."

It was not later than 10:10 A. M. when these left my office. A messenger hurried downstairs to the floor of the Exchange and immediately posted them on the proper places."

Mr. Ely was asked if it was not unusual for a company to send notices of declaration of a dividend to the Stock Exchange in the way which the

CONTRIBUTED.

WANTS.

At nightfall, after tea, I read The World's great lists of want and need.

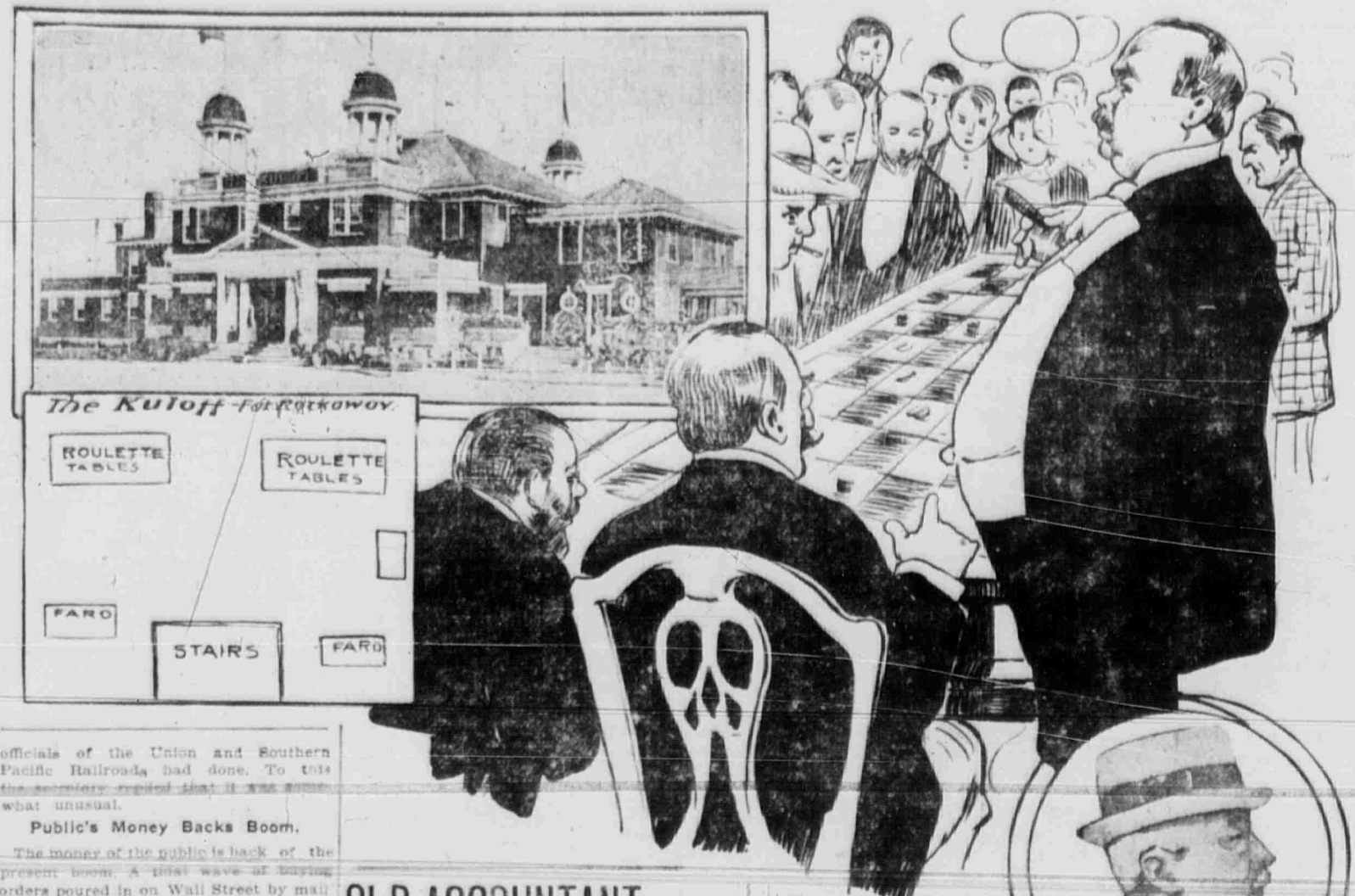
Among the myriad wants I find Strange longings of the human kind. One asks for "help," while others seek

For board or lodging, day or week; A farm for sale, a house to let; One longs for a man or boy to get; A furnished room, a handsome flat. An offer for a bird or cat.

A man to reap, a maid to sew; A boy for chores, and thus they go. I read them all and feel how wise it is one's "wants" to advertise; And more so in The World, for there you may find readers everywhere.

—J. W. KENNY.

Walbaum's Gambling Place at Far Rockaway and Daily Scene



Public's Money Backs Boom. The money of the public is back of the present boom. A great wave of orders poured in on Wall Street by mail and wire and the song of the professionals was a song of joy. For months they have been living off each other. Now, thanks to Mr. Harriman and others who make the markets, the people who constitute the lamb element in stock dealings are loosening up.

Union Pacific Post Mopped. Half an hour before the opening of the Stock Exchange today there was a mob around the Union Pacific post at the southwest corner of the room. Union Pacific and Southern Pacific were the magnets that drew the brokers. They were packed together so closely that they could scarcely breathe, each loaded down with commissions to buy or sell. Messengers with telegrams from customers scattered throughout the country arrived in streams. The humid air was stifling.

Trading Battle On. The sharp crack of the gavel promptly at 10 o'clock was like the report of a cannon in the surcharged atmosphere. Then from the mobs around the Pacific posts there ascended a wave of sound that threatened to raise the roof. The battle was on. The men of might in the financial world who had spent the night in figuring out a plan of campaign knew immediately that the pressure for stocks had survived the hammer of yesterday and that the public was in the market to stay until the turning time came.

A Record Saturday. Wall street never saw such a Saturday morning outside of panic times. Here was the stock market going crazy because one railroad had raised its dividend rate and another had begun to pay dividends. Everybody seemed to be making money.

Tales of fabulous amounts won were implicitly believed. By common consent it was agreed that the Harriman group that manipulated the coup had sailed away at least \$1,000,000 in profits at the close of the market last night and was on the way to accumulate more today.

The total sales of stocks today were 1,631,290 shares and of bonds \$1,823,000.

The Closing Quotations. Today's highest, lowest, closing prices and net changes of stocks from yesterday's final quotations are as follows:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Change
Am. Copper	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Lead	41 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Tin	74 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Zinc	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Iron	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Steel	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Coal	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Oil	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Gas	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Electric	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Telephone	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Paper	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Printing	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Book	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Stationery	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Furniture	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Hardware	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Lumber	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Brick	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Cement	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Glass	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Rubber	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Leather	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Wool	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Cotton	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Sugar	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Coffee	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Tea	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Spices	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Tobacco	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Alcohol	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Perfumery	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Cosmetics	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Soap	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Paper	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
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GOODMAN'S BODY SENT HERE. MONTREAL, Aug. 17.—The body of Samuel Goodman, industrial agent of the New York Central Railroad, was sent to New York on a special train last night. Mr. Goodman died aboard the steamer Empress of Britain on his way to Liverpool. His body was brought back on the return trip.

OLD ACCOUNTANT REFUSED A JOB, KILLS HIMSELF. Long Gives Up When Told He Has "One Foot in the Grave."

Thomas C. Long, formerly one of the best-known accountants in Brooklyn, applied to a big firm in Manhattan yesterday for a position as accountant. He was told he was too old—sixty-five—that the firm did not wish to employ a man with one foot in the grave, and he was told to go home and die.

Long, who boarded at No. 546 President street, had intended joining his wife, who has been spending the summer in the Catskills. He planned to go there today. The men of might in the financial world who had spent the night in figuring out a plan of campaign knew immediately that the pressure for stocks had survived the hammer of yesterday and that the public was in the market to stay until the turning time came.

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Am. Perfumery	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Cosmetics	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2
Am. Soap	100 1/2	99 1/2	100 1/2	+ 1/2

Perhaps Unbalanced. Mr. Long may have been mentally unbalanced when he took his life. Once before he betrayed a remarkable turn when he disappeared mysteriously from the Brooklyn Dime Savings Bank, where he was employed as chief accountant in 1897. His disappearance created great excitement at the time, and followed a meeting of the directors, when \$2,000,000 in securities had been removed and inspected by President Huntington, Secretary Marcellus and Mr. Long.

Mr. Long was sent to put the securities in the vault when the bank was closed. A janitor who assisted him saw him place the securities in the vault, which was an old one and of peculiar construction.

The securities could not be reached at any time unless all officials were present. When Mr. Long had placed the securities in the vault on the day of his disappearance President Huntington and Secretary Marcellus each looked his respective section.

Securities Found Intact. The disappearance of the chief accountant caused a great stir, but the bank officials were firm in their belief that he had not touched any of the securities. His accounts were gone over and found to be all right. When the accountant had been absent a week it was decided to have the vault opened by experts from a safe factory.

The experts found that the only way in which they could open the vault was to use the door to pieces. They were three days doing this. The securities were found intact.

On that same night Mr. Long turned up at his home, then No. 78 Carroll street, Brooklyn. He was in a bad way mentally and didn't recognize his wife or family and could tell little or nothing of his wanderings. He was placed under the care of physicians and after a time recovered, but retired from active business.

The McCall property was purchased after the insurance man's death by J. Oppenheimer, of Broadway and Pine streets, for \$200,000. To a reporter for The Evening World he said it was his first intention to turn the famous mansion into a club, but he accepted Mr. White's offer.

BUY ESTATE WITH HIS ACT OF MERCY. HIS U. P. PROFITS LED TO ANNOYANCE. Abraham White Pays \$500,000 for the John A. McCall Property.

Out of profits derived from yesterday's big advance in Union Pacific Abraham White today purchased the magnificent estate of the late John A. N. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, at Elberon, N. J. The price is said to have been half a million dollars.

The property was the pride of John McCall's life. It covers fifty-eight acres, all in a high state of cultivation, and it has on it a handsome mansion and a group of other buildings all fully furnished.

It is understood that Mr. White will make the McCall place his country seat. He first came into prominence, financially speaking, in connection with the marketing of the Government bond issue put out under Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle.

Mr. White was formerly president of the De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company. The McCall property was purchased after the insurance man's death by J. Oppenheimer, of Broadway and Pine streets, for \$200,000. To a reporter for The Evening World he said it was his first intention to turn the famous mansion into a club, but he accepted Mr. White's offer.

SEVEN STRANDED WHALES. ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Aug. 18.—Fishermen found seven whales stranded on the beach of Anastasia Island today. They vary in length from twelve to twenty feet.

GAMBLING HOUSE RUNS WIDE OPEN AT FAR ROCKAWAY. It Is Protected from Police Inspection by an Injunction.

"Less noise, gentle, this is not Sunny Smith's."

Time, 11 o'clock P. M. Place, The Kulloff, Far Rockaway. And as the gruff voice of the croupier at the big double-ended table away in the rear of the surly, the score or more of coatless players bent low, they the green cloth, and waited the last sight of the roulette ball, Prince Walbaum of the inlet, drawing hard at a seaside perfect, surveyed the scene with disgruntled mien.

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"They were betting like canaries," he growled, "and shouting like elephants."

The second croupier nodded.

One of the double-enders was idle, and a single fare, layon was working. Johnny Rosenberber's table d'hoze muscains in the restaurant below broke into "Waiting at the Church," and the noise of table pounding with salt-cellar and other things came up the narrow stairway.

Then a heavy step out beyond the disreputable

"Gates, what Gates?" the lookout was heard to say.

"Gates—the Golden Gates."

"Am I a joke? Mr. Gottfried Walbaum."

Walbaum Is Supreme. Europe has its Monte Carlo and the Prince of Monaco, and Saratoga has its Dick Canfield, but New York has even more—The Kulloff and "Dutch Fred" Walbaum.

Down at Far Rockaway Inlet Walbaum is called "Prince." Walbaum and maybe some day he will direct his barber to "Kaiser" his great blond mustache and comb its ends fiercely northward. Years ago Gottfried Walbaum was a factor at the Guttenberg race track. He was a member of the "Big Four." Now he is a power in the metropolitan world of gaming, and an actual king of the green cloth. He owns outright No. 22 West Thirty-third street, Manhattan, probably the finest equipped chance place on the North American continent, and is the lessee of the fame-cooking Kulloff at Far Rockaway.

The Kulloff is a low, rakish building, located inside the inlet, a few yards east of the foot of Central avenue. It was built four years ago by "Rich" and the "Lion-Hearted" Hook, bathhouse king of Far Rockaway and owner of the Tackapoulia Hotel, which prides itself out of the sands on the opposite side of the Shore road.

The first floor of the Kulloff is devoted entirely to the gastronomic well-being of mankind, with a spacious indoor restaurant. Upon the ocean side of the building extends a tarpaulin-covered veranda, which is inclosed on three sides, the railing lined with potted flowers. Here gather the belles of Madison avenue and the diamond-laden matrons of Arverne with their attentive escorts.

They need the money.

If you don't think the place is fashionable just look over the menu—highballs, 20 cents each; club sandwiches, 50 cents each, and ginger ale, 50 cents.

"Three months, and the crowd is gone, so get the money quick," is the motto of Far Rockaway, and who will blame these rascally shore landlords? They need the money.

A wide-boardwalk, built upon piles, crosses the inlet, passing to the right of the Kulloff as one faces the ocean.

So much for the surface of things. But prying minds go further—that accursed floor of the Kulloff? You have guessed it the very first time. That second floor is variously designed.

"Walbaum is a very clever man," says the John A. Drake Daily.

"Dutch Fred's game," asserts the Timothy D. Sullivan, who once knew Walbaum in east side ventures.

"The gambling room," glazes the girl with the winning smile.

Monte Carlo, mysteriously declare the boys with the bright waistcoats and sparkling headlights, "you're right you can get by, and if you're not—well, it's nothing doing before you leave your table in the restaurant."

Patrons Carefully Selected. Great care is taken in the selection of patrons for the play swept by ocean breezes. Lookouts are alert at every entrance of the Kulloff and a special reception committee where, upon the motor folk from Garden City, Hempstead, Lawrenceville, and other places, lead them to the center. Twenty-dollar stacks is the minimum for the roulette tables, and 100 stacks for the faro tables. A nice hot lunch is thrown in as a late John Daly.

No red and black no klondike, no craps, no poker—no to Arver